

THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

JNO. D. and V. G. BABBAGE,
Editors and Proprietors.

Issued Every Wednesday.

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When ordering a change in the address subscribers should give their old as well as the new address.

TWELVE PAGES.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1905.

THOUGHTS.

The greed for gain and the greed for power have blinded men to the time-old distinction between right and wrong. Both among business men and at the bar are to be found advisers, counsellors and successful, who have substituted the penal code for the moral law as the standard of conduct. Right and wrong have given way to the subtle distinction between legal, not-legal, and illegal; or better, perhaps, between honest, law-honest, and dishonest. This new triumph of mind over morals is bad enough in itself; but when, in addition, its exponents secure material gain and professional prosperity it becomes a menace to our integrity as a people. — Nicholas Murray Butler

CHRISTMAS comes on Monday and it is just five weeks off. The Christmas buyers are already looking over the market. Are you ready, Mr. Merchant. If you are why not announce the fact and let the host of shoppers know? Get your announcements ready for the News next week.

The local tobacco market in Owensboro is on a boom. The buyers that section are out taking everything in the shape of ordinary tops at \$8, \$8 and \$2. It is said that it is the work of the trust to kill the pooling business of the farmers. A majority of the farmers, it is claimed, are selling at these prices, while some of them are refusing to sell to the trust at any price. They say that when the farm trust's pool is broken prices will go back to the same old starving rate.

Wonder if any of our farmers or farmer-boys are taking advantage of the advice given them some time ago by our enterprising Commissioner of Agriculture regarding the picking and caring for their seed corn. Now is the time to do this. Pick out your best corn and hang it away in the dry where it won't freeze so it will be ready when the time comes for testing it. Just a little attention to this now will give you many a bushel of corn next fall. Good seed is the foundation for a good crop.

"BLACKBURN has his race won," says the Owensboro Messenger. We believe it. There are a whole raft of Blackburn Democrats in this county, although the county is claimed by the "Machine." The representative from this county is a Blackburn man at heart. Whether he votes for him or not remains to be seen. Dick Owen loves Blackburn, too. All the Blackburn Democrats in this county have to do is assert their rights. If they want Blackburn, let them rise up in their might and say so.

A new company has taken hold of the Patton brick plant. They have ample cash capital to put the plant in good repair and to operate it. They are practical business men and know their business. We are glad to welcome them to our town. So is every citizen who takes any pride at all in the up-building of the business interests of the town. Give the men a hearty welcome and a word of cheer and encouragement. If they make a success, and we believe they will, it will benefit every citizen in the town. Employment to the unemployed is what this plant means to Cloverport.

The American horse is in much demand in Japan, says the consular reports from that country. This ought to make a good demand for the Kentucky horse. No better horse in the world than the Kentucky horse. Kentucky horsemen should get in touch with this paying trade, which promises to continue for a long time. Horsemen in Breckenridge county, do you catch on? What are you doing for that colt of yours? Are you giving him the attention he needs to make him a good horse and fit for any market or are you letting him run loose in the field doing the best he can for a living? He needs food, he needs shelter and he needs rubbing. And he needs to be fat and slick with head and tail up when the buyer comes around.

PETER BEST, Jr., of Lewisport, who was elected to the legislature from Hancock county, made a remarkable race for that office. He can say what few men can say who were elected at the recent election. In the first place, he says he never sought the nomination, never asked a man to vote for him or spent one dollar in the campaign; that he is under no obligations to any man or party for his election. The people nominated him and elected him and he intends to stand by the people regardless of party. As to the senatorial race, he is free to vote for whom he pleases. He says he will not cast his vote for any man who used money to influence voters in the campaign. He is in favor of putting a stop to the use of money in elections and will use his influence to have a law passed to do away with the iniquitous practice. Good for Mr. Best. He is a man after our own heart.

"Good postmasters will be retained in office," says Mr. Cortelyou, no matter if the county chairman is deposed and the rival faction gets the organization, and no matter what the Congressman and both United States Senators say. This is right. What we want is good postmasters, and if they are not good they ought to be turned out regardless of political pulls. A good postmaster is a credit to any community. He can do more for his party by attending to his business and the business of the government, and being a real good postmaster than he can by pulling and hauling voters to the polls. His business is in his office, taking care of the mail and waiting on the hundreds of people who come to his place for their mail. A poor postmaster is about as great a curse as any community can be afflicted with. Now, Mr. Postmaster, whoever you are, or wherever

you are, you had better be good and attend strictly to the business of your office, if you want to hold it.

A PROMINENT Democrat of this county told us no longer than yesterday that seventy-five Democrats out of every one hundred in this county are for Joe Blackburn.

Day after day, week after week and month after month, the record of good American business keeps up. Grain shipments from Chicago and Chicago junction points increased last week by 199,000 bushels. Flour increased 16,371 barrels over the prior week. Compared with the same week of 1904, the increases were 1,578,000 bushels of grain, 29,752 barrels of flour and 8,495 tons of provisions. Our railroads in the last fiscal year returned to the people \$1,388,000,000 for operating expenses out of aggregate gross receipts of \$1,977,000,000. By the end of the year our railway earnings will largely exceed the gigantic sum of two thousand millions of gold dollars. The roads also gave back to the people \$628,000,000 for bond interest and dividends. Does not this mean that if railroad rates were cut by legislation instead of being governed by the immutable law of supply and demand, which ultimately fixes all rates and prices, it would simply take money out of the pockets of railroad wage-earners, railroad supplies manufacturers and their wage-earners and the investing public to no one's real benefit. What we need now more than we do the control of the railroads, is freedom from bosses, political machines, rings and the like—to prevent the wasting of those savings in reckless expenditures, personal or family, graft, riotous living and syndicated illegal profits.

Clark Suits Finally Settled.

Bartonsburg, Ky. Nov. 21.—Special.—The Clark suits have been finally settled and the following is a list of those persons who will receive cents: Jolly Gardner & Co. \$10.34; The First State Bank, \$118.17; F. Redman, \$97.74; D. S. Richardson, \$100.00; Pete Sheeran Bro. & Co., \$90.75; D. S. Childs, \$101.92; B. F. Beard & Co., about \$50. The costs amounted to nearly \$400. All other persons who sued will have to pay their own costs.

AN AWFUL SKIN DISEASE

Sores Covered Neck and Cheeks—
Itched Day and Night—Nothing Did Me Any Good—Was Growing Worse.

CURED BY CUTICURA
AT COST OF \$4.50

Miss Nellie Vander Wiele, of Lakeside, N. Y., writing under date of April 18, 1904, says: "I do wish you would publish this letter in the newspapers, so that others suffering as I have may see it and be helped. I suffered for many months with an awful skin disease, sores covering my ears, neck, and cheeks. Scabs would form and they would swell, and itch day and night. Then they would break open and bleed and matter run out. I had tried many different remedies, but none of them did me any good. I was growing worse when I tried the Cuticura Remedies. The first application helped me, and when I had used two cakes of Cuticura Soap, three boxes of Cuticura Ointment, and three bottles of Cuticura Sulfur, I was completely cured."

TORTURING, DISFIGURING

Humours, Eczemas, Itchings, and Chafings Cured by Cuticura

The agonizing itching and burning of the skin, as in eczema; the frightful scaling, as in psoriasis; the loss of hair and crusting of the scalp, as the scalded head; the facial disfigurement, as in pimples and ringworm; the awful suffering of infants, and anxiety of worried parents, as in milk crust, tetter, and salt rheum,—all demand a remedy of almost supernatural virtue to successfully cope with them. That Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills are such standards proven beyond all doubt by the testimony of the civilized world.

Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills are sold throughout the world. Cuticura Remedies are sold by Druggists, Grocers, and Dealers in Household Goods. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."



SOMETHING NEW

And entirely different from the old style, made in regular reading glasses and in unadorned and far-sighted glasses combined. Cost no more than the old style and superior in every way.

WE GUARANTEE them, and will promptly refund money if they fail to give you complete satisfaction. If you have any eye trouble write us mentioning the name of "TORICOID GLASSES" that will relieve your trouble. It's not incurable.

T. J. Howe & Co., Opticians,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

PISOS CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

Wants.

Advertisements inserted under this head at the rate of one cent a word per week.

WANTED—Everybody to advertise their wants in this column. It will save you time and money.

FOR SALE—My residence in Cloverport, for price and terms drop me a line or call on me at the shop. F. H. Plunk, Cloverport, Ky.

WANTED—Everybody to advertise their wants in this column. It will save you time and money.

FOR SALE—Organ, cheap. Apply at News office.

FOR SALE—Good farm. Apply to Frank R. Smith, Gaston, Ky.

FOR SALE—LAINHUY OUTFIT.

FOR SALE—A large, first-class laundry outfit, everything complete. For particulars, price and terms, address me at Elizabethtown, Ky. — J. S. Seaborn.

HOTEL POOL AND BILLIARD PARLORS.

FOR SALE—The Planters Hotel Pool and Billiard Parlor in Owensboro, Ky. Address: J. Willard Rummel, 40 Walnut street, Owensboro, Ky.

FOR SALE—ENGINES.

FOR SALE—Two gasoline engines suitable for cutting feed, sawing wood and pumping water. Apply to F. H. Plunk, Cloverport, Ky.

FOR SALE.

PRINTING Presses and Cutting machines and one lot of good laundry machines. Also new and second-hand cars and Gasoline Engines.—MARTIN GABLE, 510 3rd Street, Louisville, Ky.

FOR SALE—TUITION CERTIFICATE.

FOR SALE—Tuition Certificate in Bryant & Stratton's Business College, Louisville. For price and particulars write The Breckenridge News, Cloverport, Ky.

HENDERSON ROUTE NOTES.

One way second class colonist tickets to South and Southeast; first and third Tuesdays each month at reduced rates.

Home-seekers' Excursions to all points to which home-seekers' rates apply.

Thanksgiving Rates, Nov. 30.

For Thanksgiving, rate of one and one-third fare for the round trip between local points, minimum 25 cents, will be made on Nov. 29 and 30, good to return Dec. 4.

Christmas and New Year's Holidays.

For these holidays, rate of one and one-third fare for the round trip between local points will be made with a minimum of 50 cents. Date of sale, Dec. 22-23-24-25-26-27 and January 1, good returning January 1.

Special home-seekers' excursions to the Southwest Nov. 21 and Dec. 15 and 19.

L. H. & ST. L. TIME TABLE.

No. 46, Daily Fast Train leaves Cloverport 5:50 a. m. West Point only arrives at Louisville 7:15 a. m.

No. 47, Daily, Mail and express, leaves Cloverport 7:30 a. m. stops at all way stations, arrives Louisville 12:30 p. m.

Train No. 44, Daily, fast mail, leaves Cloverport 1:45 p. m. stops at all way stations, arrives Louisville 7:30 p. m.

Train No. 45, Daily, Cloverport accommodation, arrives Cloverport 8:30 p. m.

WEST BOUND.

No. 47, Daily, Cloverport accommodation, leaves Cloverport 9:30 a. m. arrives Evansville 1:30 a. m.

Train No. 41, Daily, fast mail and express leaves Cloverport 9:30 a. m. stops only at Hawesville, Lewisport, Macon, Owensboro, Stanley, Spottsville, Henderson and Evansville, arrives Louisville 7:30 p. m.

Train No. 43, Mail and Express, daily, arrives Cloverport 1:30 p. m. Evansville 10:30 p. m. Stops at all stations.

No. 45, daily, Louisville fast train, leaves Cloverport 11:30 p. m. arrives Evansville 1:30 a. m. St. Louis 7:45 a. m. stops at Hawesville, Owensboro and Henderson only.

Chas. cars on trains 41 and 44, between Louisville and Evansville. Through sleeping cars and reclining chair cars on trains 45 and 46, between Louisville and St. Louis.

Fordville Branch.

EAST BOUND.

Train No. 2, except Sunday, leaves Fordville 4:30 a. m. arrives Irvington 5:40 a. m.

Train No. 4, Daily except Sunday leaves Fordville 9:30 a. m. arrives Irvington 5:30 p. m.

Train No. 6, Sunday only.

Fordville to St. Louis, except Sunday, leaves Fordville 9:30 a. m. arrives St. Louis 9:30 a. m.

Train No. 5, Daily except Sunday leaves Irvington 8:30 a. m. arrives Fordville 9:40 a. m.

Train No. 3, Daily leaves Irvington 6:30 p. m. arrives Fordville 8:20 p. m.

\$35,000 WORTH OF MERCHANDISE TO GO AT A SACRIFICE! CLOSING-OUT SALE!

Contemplating a change in our business, and in order to enlarge our already handsome store, we have concluded to close out all the merchandise we now have on hand regardless of prices. \$35,000 worth of Clothing, Hats, Shoes, Ladies' and Children's Cloaks and Furs, Dry Goods, Carpets, Mattings, and everything we have.

SALE BEGINS Thursday, Nov. 23.

We invite you to come and see for yourself how very low you can buy first-class Merchandise. Remember this sale starts Thursday, November 23, and continues until every article in our store is sold. If you need a Suit, Overcoat for yourself or a Cloak for your wife or daughter, it will pay you to come miles to look at our grand assortment. Everything must go. Greatest bargains ever offered to the people of Meade, Breckenridge and Hancock Counties.

THE CADE, D. S. Richardson, Proprietor. BRANDENBURG, KY.

Tutt's Pills

stimulate the TORPID LIVER, strengthen the digestive organs, regulate the bowels, and are unequalled as an

ANTI-BILIOUS MEDICINE,

In malarial districts their virtues are widely recognized, as they possess peculiar properties in freeing the system from that poison. Elegantly sugar coated.

Take No Substitute.

Jumbo pickles—English Kitchen.

Don't miss the fun.—Bunnell's Box Ball alley.

Mrs. Lizzie Gier returned Wednesday from Louisville.

C. C. Murray, of Kokopet, Ind., was here last week.

Senator-elect R. W. Owen, of Lewisport, was here Thursday.

Luncheon and regular meals served at any hour—English Kitchen.

We hang your paper just as cheap as others.—Sawyer & Fallon.

"Fire works agency for Christmas time—English Kitchen.

Mrs. M. H. Beard and son, Murray, of Evansburg, have been visiting Mrs. A. B. Skilman.

Miss Gertrude Newberger, of Chicago, arrived Saturday to visit Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Oglesby.

Angioret social cards show culture and good taste. Orders filled at the News office.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Harper, of Glendenside, have been visiting his sister, Mrs. John Potts.

Samples of new monogram paper just received at the News office. Call to see them or write for samples.

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Chris. Ghim, of Tell City, was here Monday.

Father C. Bry was in Owensboro Monday.

Mrs. J. A. Rose is visiting in Louisville.

W. V. Moorman, of Glendenside, was here Wednesday.

Geo. W. Winkler was down from Louisville last week.

Fresh oysters in bulk or served in any style—English Kitchen.

Anything in the wall paper line can be had at Sawyer & Fallon's.

Something new in fireworks for Christmas—English Kitchen.

Miss Margaret Moorman went to Louisville Monday to visit relatives.

Fruits for Thanksgiving and Christmas—large variety—English Kitchen.

Mrs. J. W. Fale has been visiting her sister, Mrs. J. T. Bryant, at McQuady.

You are cordially invited to see the Christmas magazines at the News office.

Miss Ruby Jones, of Howell, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Martin Bruns.

Mrs. Harry Morrison and little son, Wick, have returned from a visit to Louisville.

A big new stock of wall paper is being put in by Sawyer & Fallon (all and see them).

Mrs. J. F. Lightfoot came up from Hawesville Friday to visit her son, Dr. F. L. Lightfoot.

Thursday will be ladies' day at the box ball alley from 1 to 4 o'clock, p. m. It's free.

For this week only I will make six best cabinet photographs for one dollar—Brabant's gallery.

Don't forget it. Thursday from 1 to 4 o'clock will be ladies' day at the box ball alley. Free to ladies.

Now is the time to have your picture taken. Six cabinet size for \$1. This week only—Brabant's gallery.

Playing box ball develops the muscles. Brings roses to the cheeks. Ladies may play it free Thursday.

Mrs. A. H. Murray has returned from a visit to her son, Claude Murray, of Williamsburg, O., and to relatives in West Virginia.

What would be more pleasing to you for a Christmas gift than a year's subscription to a good magazine? Subscription orders are given prompt attention at the News office.

If you haven't selected your Christmas gifts it is not too late to commence now, so send in your order to the News office for monogram stationery, engraved cards and subscriptions to magazines.

Try a pair of Babbage & Son's \$1 work shoes, and \$1 shoes for women. A limited number out on sale this week at \$1. No checks, no produce. Spot cash only—V. G. Babbage & Son.

Miss Winnie Ashby left yesterday for a visit to Louisville, Hopkinsville and Bowling Green, before returning to her home at Madisonville. She was accompanied to Louisville by Miss Ben Oia Hall, whom she has been visiting.

LOCAL BRIEFS.

M. Weatherholt, local agent of the Continental Insurance company, last Wednesday paid Mrs. Nanette Culley \$400, the insurance on the Culley property which was burned November 1.

Miss Ray Hayner is at Elizabethtown this week attending the tenth annual convocation of the Kentucky Baptist Young People's Union, as the delegate from the Union here. The convocation went into session yesterday and will adjourn tomorrow evening.

Precator Keith, of the monument firm of J. E. Keith & Son, left Sunday for Elizabethtown, to accept a position in the monument works of his brother, C. E. Keith. Messrs. Keith are members of the Elizabethtown brass band, which is composed of experienced players.

C. W. Moorman is reorganizing the Cloverport branch of the News office for the year on a new plan compared to that which has been in operation since the library was organized. In past years the members of the library each selected two books preferably new novels, paid for them and placed them in the library and had them returned at the close of the year. This year a committee of three, appointed by Mr. Moorman, will select the books, which will belong to the members collectively, each paying for two books, and at the end of the year the members will draw lots for them.

Mr. Moorman is now calling in all the books, preparatory to buying new ones. The library will remain at Short & Haynes.

T. R. Ann and Jno. Borschneck, of Louisville, spent Wednesday and Thursday hunting at Shiloh, and left with Henry Gibbs. They bagged some quail.

Nasal CATARRH

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An informal reception, in honor of Rev. and Mrs. B. M. Harris, was given by the Epworth League in the parlors of the Methodist church Friday evening. The public had been invited to the reception and there was a good attendance. The guests were received and entertained by the members of the League. Eight refreshments were served during the evening. It was a delightful social affair.

Capt and Mrs. J. H. Rowan went to Chester, Wednesday to spend a week or ten days with Mr. and Mrs. Alf Taylor. Capt. Rowan is heading in the vicinity of Chester.

The members of the Christian church have changed the hour of their Sunday afternoon communion service from 2:30 to 3:30 o'clock, in order that the men may attend the Evening Bible class at the Methodist church.

Mrs. J. H. Wills returned Monday from Louisville.

Rev. T. C. Kerr of Hodgenville filled his regular appointment at the Presbyterian church. He has been preaching here twice a month but will preach only once a month during the winter. He closed a meeting at the Presbyterian church at Glasgow, Kentucky, Wednesday having twelve conversions.

A fine pen and ink drawing in Hamman's show window is the work of Lillian Smith, who is attending the Cincinnati School of Art.

Dr. R. L. Newsum has been suffering severely for several days from a twisted hip.

Week beginning November 27.

GOOD THINGS FOR YOU AT OUR STORE

We have to work early and late, so crowded are we in our Repair Department. The reason of this is that we do every piece of work right. Satisfaction guaranteed. Our holiday stock can not be excelled. Handsome Christmas presents at our store in great variety. Best thing to do when your eyes hurt is to relieve and cure them. Murine is that thing. Sure and positive relief in ten minutes.

THE CLOVERPORT KENTUCKY

MAGAZINE SECTION.

CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1905.

PAGE TWO.

LIKE A PIRATE OF OLD.

ALEXANDER MACLEAN ROAMED THE SEA IN SWIFT SCHOONER.

Accompanied by Thirty Reckless Buccaneers He Defied Governments and Gunboats—Now in Toils of the Law.

There never a law of God or man runs north of fifty-three. Captain Alexander MacLean, as bold a rover as ever lived during the privateering days when pirate ships lay waiting in the pathway of Spanish galleons, will roam the sea no more. That is, he will not sail the deep in that free-handed manner which made him the object of search by United States and British authorities. A few weeks ago, under an indictment for conspi-

of his men to "run up the flag." The Stars and Stripes were hoisted and "Big Alex," as he is known, yelled out, "Now it's he—d to you." The revenue cutter dipped its flag thrice and turned away. Several times this bold navigator has had scotches with government authorities, but a short time ago the Carmencita made a raid on the copper islands and had a brush with the revenue patrol, one of the crew being wounded and sent to Seattle, Wash., for treatment.

The attention of Mexico having been called to the illegal acts of the Carmencita's crew, that government on November 1, 1904, cancelled the Mexican registry. With this taken away from him, MacLean had the name of the schooner changed to the Acapulco. It is understood that when he dropped into the copper islands and had a brush with the revenue patrol, one of the crew being wounded and sent to Seattle, Wash., for treatment.

FREEDOM FOR RUSSIA.

UNDER CZAR'S RECENT MANIFESTO, LAST ABSOLUTE MONARCHY DISAPPEARS.

The New Empire Promises to Be a Regime of Constitutional Liberty and Representation—Victory of the People Widely Celebrated.

As an outcome of the tremendous agitation which has been shaking Russia to the very core, the Czar has surrendered and has granted rights which if consummated, will result in a new Russia.

It seemed for a time as though the history of the French revolution would be repeated; that the aristocracy and the bureaucracy driving ahead in their arrogance and self-esteem, would fail to recognize the overwhelming force of the volcano of public sentiment surrounding them, and by their refusal to recognize conditions, plunge the whole empire into civil war and anarchy. But the handwriting on the wall was not so easily read. The Czar was compelled to practically capitulate his imperial throne. True, promises are thus, for more evidence than fulfills them, but Count Witte has apparently been made the real Russian leader and much is hoped and expected in the way of a peaceful reform.

In old Russia, the Russia of last century, of last year, of last week, the Czar was all powerful. Russia was the first real autocracy in the world. The policies of the government were created and enforced by the Czar and his Grand Duke.

Popular representation was a fragile promise. Free speech was under the ban. Freedom of the press was unknown. Even all private mail was subject to censorship. The prisons were filled with political offenders, hanging casting a man into a United States prison for no reason than that he was not relished by the government.

A system of public espionage followed every man's move. Old Russia was divided into two classes, the nobility and practical slaves.

Education of the masses was worse than a farce. What is promised for Russia? The abolition of the rule of the Romanovs. Freedom of speech guaranteed and freedom of person inviolable.

A limited monarchy similar to that of England with a guarantee of popular government, with a cabinet responsible to the people, and with suffrage made almost universal, and with provision for a representative assembly, and for a general educational system. The right of habeas corpus recognized and the freedom of the press assured.

Following the Czar's imperial manifesto outlining the proposed regime of liberty, all Russia celebrated. In St. Petersburg, the Czar's new Russia was one such as the Russians never before had seen. The Slavie people who during the long night of despotism had been anxious period preceding the announcement of the new era of constitutionalism, seemed self-restrained, gloomy and apathetic, gave themselves up to the exuberance of the moment and spent the entire day in parades and assemblies, which for the first time in the history of Russia were freely permitted.

It was stated as a significant omen that after a fortnight of gloomy and depressing weather, symbol of the days of the great strike, the sun shone out brightly on the date of the manifesto, a bright and radiant day-dinner-day.

The Aromatic Havana.

Appropos of the real enjoyment of a cigar, Hawthorne, the newspaper correspondent, in that most interesting story of "The Tallahassee Girl," "If you will permit me, I will smoke," said he, taking out a curious cigar case of very fine workmanship. "It does not even amount to a kindness on my part," she answered, "I enjoy the fragrant sweet of a good cigar."

"Thank you, I can never fully appreciate an open air chat without the company of this Indian luxury. But really I am no great smoker. Two or three a day are all I take."

"You must be an exception. Papa smokes twenty pipes full a day, and most gentlemen are always indulgent."

"Yes, they lose sight of the exquisite part of the thing, which is a tobacco coming only to those who use tobacco of the finest quality and sparingly."

Sometimes I abstain for several days in order to get the full benefit of a slow burning Havana."

Huge Precious Stones.

Prior to the discovery of the South African diamond a few months ago, weighing in the neighborhood of a pound and a half, the largest perfect diamond in the world was that which was excavated in Paris, having a value of one million dollars. This was the most valuable stone in the world; the largest and best ruby in existence is owned in London, and is valued at \$50,000. It has no parallel, even in the Crown Jewels, and it is related that it was once carried all the way to St. Petersburg for the Czar to have a look at. The largest and most beautiful cutters in existence weigh one hundred and seventy carats and is insured for \$30,000. The highest priced stone in the world weighs 2,860 carats, and is in the Imperial Jewels Office in Vienna.

The most costly church of its size, in America, is in the quaint old town of St. Augustine, Fla.

DRESS REFORM FOR WOMEN.

Advocate of Practical Walking and Working Garb—Held From Heavy Skirts.

Dr. Cora Smith Eaton, of Minneapolis, Minn., believes that many of the aches and ills from which women suffer are the direct result of the clothes they wear. She says that in her professional capacity she tries to impress upon her women patients the need of dress reform. "Not the old time hideos 'blouse' costume of years ago," laughed the doctor, "but a rational, sensible and beautiful adaptation of our clothes to our needs."

"And what are our needs," was asked.

"Normal, unrestricted movement; a



DR. CORA SMITH EATON, freedom from confining bands; and relief from heavy skirts.

Dr. Eaton puts to practical test her ideas on the subject. The weight of all garments she wears is from the shoulders. Her gowns are made of one piece—a little on the Princess

HUGE IRRIGATION DAM.

ROCK BARRAGE ACROSS NARROW CANYON IN MOUNTAINS OF WYOMING.

Government Works Will Store Flood Waters For Fertilization of One Hundred and Fifty Thousand Desert Acres.

A quarter of a century ago the house of the buffalo and later a cattle and sheep pasture, with an occasional ranch house, the Big Horn Basin in Wyoming is now the scene of a great activity heddled to the building of one of the largest of the government irrigation works. Some years ago Colonel Castle, better known as Buffalo Bill, made a survey of the Shoshone canyon, and in connection with General Miles, projected a company to construct a dam and irrigate some desert acres. The necessary capital however was not forthcoming and when the national irrigation law was passed, the government took up the project, and a large party of engineers has since been employed on the preliminaries of a great work of desert reclamation.

The Shoshone river dashes down a narrow canyon with jagged and perpendicular walls, and at its narrowest point the government has begun the construction of the highest dam ever built. It will consist together the two canyon walls for 240 feet above the stream bed and the foundation will go below the water level 80 feet additional, down to the solid bed rock. The stream, where it passes between these granite canyon walls, is but a few feet deep and the dam will form a great lake of 5,000 acres, with a water-level of 1,250 square miles, and storing enough water to irrigate 150,000 acres through seven miles of 14-foot tunnels bored in the solid rock.

Little Chance For Land Grabbing.

This will cost about \$25 an acre to be paid later to the government by settlers, under the homestead-like provisions of the irrigation law. The land thus secured, which bars itself is free under the homestead act, and has been reserved by Secretary Hitchcock from entry under the desert and other land laws not requiring actual residence and home-building.

Few such picturesque and wild beautiful scenes can be found as the Shoshone canyon. The river is a ceaseless of confusion, rushing rapids, the water is a deep green, and then boiling over great rocks and boulders in a white surge. Only for a few hours each day can the road find its way to the bottom of this deep-cut gorge, the mountain sides towering into the clouds two and three thousand feet. From above the dam is an outlook down at the river, where the foundations, directly underneath, the appearance like a giant's foot.

Giant Forces of Nature.

This Shoshone canyon and its surrounding mountains, are one of



Shoshone Canyon Scenery. Capt. Jeremiah Aherm.

order, though really a modification of the Empire. It is a delight to watch the doctor, in her white coat, and her straight line jacket of played, and her beautiful, poised, with that fine, straight line of her head, and her eyes from the head to the heels, is responsive to the many demands of her busy life. It would be impossible for her to accomplish her work, she says, hampered by the usual style of dress.

Favorite Among Cigar Markets.

Bismarck used to boast that in his life years he had smoked over 100,000 cigars. In later years he was seldom without his immense meerschaum.

prosperous homes for themselves and families, and raise an annual product of a couple or three million dollars.

In the canyon proper the great forces of nature have wrought wonderfully. Enormous granite boulders have detached themselves from the mountains and rolled down thousands of feet, crushing their hundreds and thousands of tons into the rocky gorges. Here the river continually flows upon them, searching out the seams and splitting them up, and wearing them away and polishing them smooth.

The Rock File of the World.

In the canyon's middle, below the dam site, the jangle of rocks in the narrow river bed appears as though a thousand blinets of giant powder had been hurled against the walls, and every rugged projection into the depths below. There is no drift or sand in this river bed; everything is rock. The imperishable granite, gray, pink and varicolored, oldest of the geological formations, made by the welding of various substances when the globe was a molten mass, and later limestones and black volcanic rocks, conglomerates also noted by the geologists, are subjected to enormous pressure, and the white and brown conglomerates, formed from the grindings of other rocks, subjected to enormous pressure, and lastly the geyserites and sulphur rocks, which are the result of the result of ceaseless spouting of steam and hot water from the earth's bowels are found in wonderful profusion.

Below the canyon where the river runs more smoothly, all these variations are represented in the huge beds of cobble, and smaller boulders, over which the water flows. The boulders were themselves once jagged rocks, detached by wind, water, and sun from their mountain loaves, and rolled and ground by river force



MAKING A CANYON ROADWAY.

until all their sharp corners have been worn and polished away.

A Giant Fire Cracker.

Watching the government engineers cutting a road along the side of the canyon for the transportation of supplies to build the dam—40,000 barrels of cement alone will be needed—their observation of the explosion of a big rock, which burst with a roar, echoing up and down the canyon, and sending a shower of debris into the air, was a sight to behold. The explosion was the result of a big rock, which had been thrown into the river bed. A few hours before we had crawled directly under the rock, and it was a sight to behold. The explosion was the result of a big rock, which had been thrown into the river bed. A few hours before we had crawled directly under the rock, and it was a sight to behold.

The engineering credit for this great project with its great dam, the Shoshone dam, is due to Jeremiah Aherm, a government district engineer who, almost cut off from the outside world, has taken up his residence for several years in this wild canyon, once a fastness of the Shoshone Indians.

The Government Irrigation Program.

What does all this great irrigation work of the government throughout the west mean? Simply that the nation has decided to use the money derived from the sale of western public lands to make its poorest soil of value, and furnish many home-built opportunities for new settlers. But many men will find employment in the construction of dams and canals in every western country, and that finally, as the works are completed, one by one, new farm homes will be established, adding to the nation's wealth and balancing our population now inclined westward.

For a thousand years longer this splendid dam site would likely stand idle, a private capital would develop it to its magnificent full capacity, for the difficulties in the way of the project were many and unknown; but the government will use all its obstacles and overcome them, and finally the perfect job of engineering, comparable to the great works of the Persians, the Romans, and the British engineers of India—an end during monument for all time to the wisdom of the present generation of America.

BULL DOG SUSPENDERS

To make every man feel like a Bull Dog, wear these suspenders. They are made of the best material, and are the most comfortable and durable. They are made in a variety of colors, and are suitable for all occasions. They are made by the famous Bull Dog Suspenders Co., and are the best in the world. They are made by the famous Bull Dog Suspenders Co., and are the best in the world.



THE PIRATE'S SCHOONER.

racy in fitting his schooner Carmencita in violation of the sealing laws, he was arrested at Victoria, British Columbia. The Department of State received a telegram announcing the arrest of a crew made up of men said to be "As chosen a band of pirates and cut-throats as ever manned a pirate craft since the days of Captain Kidd."

MacLean's home has ever been on the sea; he knows no life but that on the deep blue and he finds no enjoyment on shore. He has been a rover and not a freight carrier, and any daredevil enterprise at sea that needed a strong arm could find an adherent in Captain MacLean, whether in search of pirate treasure, running a contraband cargo or illegally poaching for seals found him the man; he has had experience in all. MacLean's ship, the Carmencita, was formerly the Jenny Thelin, built in 1869, when speed and not carrying capacity was desired.

Poaching for Seals. What the rash-looking schooner did prior to 1894 had nothing to do with MacLean's operations. But it was alleged in April, 1904, that the schooner was chartered and outfitted for a poaching cruise among the rookeries of the far north. The Russo-Japanese war being then uppermost in the minds of the two nations concerned, it was considered by the poachers that they would

Japanese Dwarf Trees. In Japan are some very remarkable trees. They are hundreds of years old and not a hundred inches high. The most marvelous collection is in Count Okuma's garden, near Tokio. Here are also trees that started to grow in the seventeenth century, that at the dawn of the twentieth century are not too large to be carried in one hand, pot and all. Others, whose seed was planted about the time when Columbus sailed for America, are already outstripped by saplings planted years before last.

In another place is a grove of liliputian plum trees, gnarled and knotted and twisted by centuries of wind and weather, that are none of them too large to grace a dinner table, as they often do when in full bloom. More marvelous still, there are other little trees, probably planted in the early "sixties," that are still thriving (it is too much to say "growing") in a tea-cup, while others planted before Cleveland's last term in office have not outgrown a lady's thimble.

The Japanese are past masters in the art of dwarfing trees. They nip off the tree roots and pinch its limbs and starve it with little soil and let it go thirsty and dry, but at the same time keep the breath of life in it, until it becomes the veriest travesty of a tree, a manikin vegetable, with the wrinkled face of an old man on the legs of a little boy. Infinite patience and skill and time are given in order to stunt and dwarf into these grotesque growths.

Will Wed For Love Only.

Princess Victoria of England, the only unmarried daughter of King Edward, declares that if she marries at all it will be for love. She is thirty-seven years old, and for twenty years has refused to consider every marriage proposal suggested by her father, the King.

"If I marry, it will be to the man of my choice," she is reported to have said. "Father, mother, and government shall not choose for me. I will marry the man I love, and I ever marry."

This bold declaration by the daughter of a king has shocked royal and aristocratic circles all over Europe, but it has been read with delight by the English people, and it appeals equally to Americans.

Invoked the Stars and Stripes.

MacLean hearing this, ordered one

CAPT. ALEX. MACLEAN.

not be in a position to guard their interests, and a raid on the Russian sealing islands was the real object of the cruise. Great Britain, Canada and the United States have an agreement to prevent pelagic sealing, so that apparently to protect the ship's owner from prosecution under either United States or British laws, the ship's name was changed to Carmencita and registry papers taken out in Mexico.

Thirty Devils at Beck and Call. On May 5 she headed for the northern islands, MacLean sitting aft, thirty reckless dare-devils forward and cases of repeating rifles and ammunition in the captain's cabin. She had cleared for Victoria for a cargo, but instead sailed for the little islands in the Bering Sea, where it was understood a new rookery was discovered.

Captain MacLean has had a varied experience with the authorities, not only on the Carmencita, but on other vessels of which he was the owner. He was once a revenue cutter annoyed him by demanding that his papers be sent on board for examination. When he refused the revenue officers threatened to open fire on him.

FITZHUGH LEE'S ESCAPE.

BULLET FROM REPRESENTATIVE JENKINS' MUSKET PLOUGHED THROUGH HIS HAT.

Thrilling Occurrence of the Civil War—Confederates Made Three Desperate Charges in Blinding Midnight Thunder Storm.

W. M. Wooster.

One warm summer evening in 1865, I sat smoking with Judge Jenkins, of Wisconsin, who is now only representing his State in Congress.

We were watching the oncoming of a heavy thunder storm, and the conversation had turned, as it often does at the time of his youth when he entered the Union army and was, by the stirring events of the war, transformed into the fearless, iron-muscle man that has since characterized him.

"It was just such an evening in the summer of '62," he reminded, "that I nearly killed Fitzhugh Lee."

"We were down in Virginia, and I was in charge of an ammunition train which was on its way to Mecklenburg army."

"We had been halted by a brief order from headquarters, and directed to remain where we were—a little village about thirty miles south of Washington.

"No reason was given for the delay, though some of the boys alluded to it as was for the purpose of enabling an escort of cavalry to join us. Others said they guessed that better reasons lay further up the road. However, we were nicely girded to go into camp, as many of the raw men were about 'bushed' by the long and hot marching, besides it gave us opportunity to forage and get better rations than hard-tack and maggoty bacon—33 level, that it followed us around camp."

"We pitched our tents in an open field, a short distance to the east of a high road which stretched away toward home. About a quarter of a mile to the south was a thick piece of timber."

The Old Pic Woman.

"The third day we were in camp a woman came through selling pies. We thought nothing of her visit, other than that her pies were homemade and tasted awfully good."

"It was just such a day as this," continued the Judge, "and in the afternoon the heat became oppressive."

"As the evening wore on we observed thunder-bells piling up in the southwest, and the boys groaned that we would have a break in the hot spell."

"I became uneasy as the night wore on, and walked about the camp watching the flashes of distant lightning and the dark masses of drifting clouds which seemed to be fanning us on the north."

"The crash was terrific. Troopers rolled in their saddles. Horses staggered and went down with their riders. The others broke in confusion and dashed wildly past on their flanks."

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'We'll take him if it's a Johnnie.'

THE POWER OF SONG.

AN INCIDENT OF LIFE IN LIBBY PRISON DURING THE CIVIL WAR.

How the Prisoners Sang the "Star Spangled Banner," and There was Cheering in the Streets of Richmond.

Taken prisoner while in charge of the rear guard, on Stoneman's first raid, near Richmond, Va., relates an old captain of the cavalry, and after various adventures, I, with 2,600 of the prisoners taken at Chancellorville, was sent to Libby prison.

The large excess of prisoners on the Confederate side procured us, most fortunately, an exchange in a very short time, and within a month or so I participated in another raid under Colonel Spear of the 11th Pennsylvania Cavalry over the same ground where I had been lately taken a prisoner of war.

We had passed one Sunday in Libby—83 officers confined to an upmost story. About the middle of that afternoon we were ordered to look around the room. A half dozen parties were playing cards, many were sleeping, and were lying on the floor pretty sick, while one squad of a dozen or more had organized a prayer meeting. Not being a saint and not much of a sinner, I was simply a "looker on in Venice." The leader was a captain of a Massachusetts regiment.

The meeting was evidently dragging, the great heat and perhaps hunger and our position not proving conducive to much thanksgiving.

The National Anthem. Suddenly the captain started up, and taking his place near the centre of the room, exclaimed in a voice loud enough to attract immediate attention, "Let us all sing 'The Star Spangled Banner.'"

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THE POWER OF SONG.

AN INCIDENT OF LIFE IN LIBBY PRISON DURING THE CIVIL WAR.

How the Prisoners Sang the "Star Spangled Banner," and There was Cheering in the Streets of Richmond.

Taken prisoner while in charge of the rear guard, on Stoneman's first raid, near Richmond, Va., relates an old captain of the cavalry, and after various adventures, I, with 2,600 of the prisoners taken at Chancellorville, was sent to Libby prison.

The large excess of prisoners on the Confederate side procured us, most fortunately, an exchange in a very short time, and within a month or so I participated in another raid under Colonel Spear of the 11th Pennsylvania Cavalry over the same ground where I had been lately taken a prisoner of war.

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Chorus for the Red, White and Blue.

Veritable cheers they were. Tears streamed down the veterans' cheeks, the boys in the room below took up the shouts, and three times 'three' were given.

Hearing some cheering on the outside, I moved cautiously near the window—it was dangerous to go too near—and saw all the guards in line with their muskets pointed toward the building, but, massed up and down the streets, were hundreds upon hundreds of people, four-fifths of them women, clapping their hands and waving their handkerchiefs, showing by their approval a most remarkable tribute to the power of song, and that love for old songs still held a warm place in their hearts and memories.

Almost every day one of the professors of the University of Chicago, the financial machinery of which is aided by John D. Rockefeller, breaks into print with some new discovery. They keep the world startled and wondering.

During the past few years, for instance, the following epoch-making discoveries, among a host of others, have been listed by a Buffalo newspaper as Chicago University discoveries:

That a dog never follows an uneducated man.

That the Pennsylvanians are turning into Indians.

That Ireland was once a lake.

That the Irishman was a lizard.

That Adam caught fish with a club.

That love is a disease of the Medulla oblongata.

That a cabbage contains more nourishment than twelve eggs.

That the Baccarat was a Swede.

That the American negro is gradually becoming yellow.

That Columbus was a grafter.

That George Washington liked onions and tripe.

That John D. Rockefeller is a greater man than Shakespeare.

That the Japanese has seven stomachs.

That Arabia produces more bullfrogs than Bulgaria.

That marriage is a form of insanity.

It will take the world a generation to ponder over the few propositions here mentioned. The countless others promulgated by the Chicago savants would take a thousand scientists busy even if they worked day and night, in three shifts, for fifty years.

Certainly, Mr. Rockefeller's money is being well spent. The fact that the public laughs at the oil-horn professions and regards them as low comedians is of no significance. The world, it will be remembered, laughed at Copernicus and Galileo, and at Sub-Lieut. Napoleon Bonaparte.

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her train which circled through New Jersey.

Now all is peace and harmony between the two organizations; they have adopted a set of rules regulating the players in each, and schedules are prepared each spring which will provide for as few conflicting dates as possible. New York and Philadelphia in October have the scenes of notable battles for supremacy between the teams representing these cities, that of New York having won the honor in the National and Philadelphia's that in the American League.

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OUT OF THE LAWS OF DEATH

It mattered not that the rambunctious second hand and the second hand auction, though at a ridiculously low price. It mattered not that I had but a few minutes to spare before Fred Wilson, in his new touring car, had left for the city. I was as happy as a king, for my new possession set aside, to some extent, at least, Fred's advantage over me in the attack upon Miss Steadman's car. He had been taking her riding on the Beach Drive, and I had ground my teeth with futile jealousy, until along came my wonderful opportunity. I bought the machine, though it was really beyond my means. I simply couldn't resist it. When a man is in love, you know, he is all kinds of a fool.

And didn't my heart swell with pride when I whirled up to Alice's house that evening, the second after my purchase, to take her in the moonlight along that magnificent five-mile stretch of perfect road? I had made up my mind to tell her that night all that had been in my heart for so many unrequited hours—that I loved her, that I wanted her for my very own—in fact, that she was the only girl in all the world for me.

Oh, it is glorious to sit by the girl you love and spin through the night in a sleek, smooth-running machine. I drank in the full joy of it. A dozen times I was on the point of speaking, but I had been so tremendously steady at the steering, endeavoring to be able to manage the machine with one hand, in order to take the other from Alice's waist. I pictured it all out—how she would listen in silence, how she would look at me with sparkling eyes and let her pretty head fall on my shoulder; and how I would then put my arm around her, very tenderly, and draw her close and kiss her. But it did not turn out that way at

I was going to say "precious head" and my heart made violent leaps. I was so struck love-frightened, I had a sort of back-skip. I took courage and found my tongue. "Alice," I said gently, placing my disengaged hand on her own, "I want to tell you something that has—has been—has been on my mind for—"

I think she understood what was coming, but I got no further. In the darkness, at the roadside, a huge black bulk loomed, like an enormous dog. A sudden ferret shot through me. The machine swerved sharply, and I was compelled to use both hands to steady it. I turned up the speed a trifle, and then instinctively looked behind. A glance was enough. The bulk had moved out into the road and was directly behind us. What could it be? A dog? A—my heart sank. I thought of the chorus of unmanly howls and roars heard shortly before. I looked back again. There was no doubt about it. I beheld us, loping easily with tail switching in grace, came a huge male lion. I recognized the great shaggy head. He seemed from the Zoo, and was probably and with fright from the attempts of the keepers to capture it.

A little faster, and still a little faster, I did not want to turn on full speed at once. Alice, however, understood. Probably we could slip away from the pursuer, and run into the bushes. I turned my head a few hundred yards further. I saw that my speed was of no avail. The lion was just as close as before, bounding like a giant cut, an easily and as quickly as a phantom.

But you can not keep a secret from a woman. Alice turned her eyes to

made a prodigious leap, and had we been a trifle less swift would have landed on top of us. But we shot from under him, and as he descended the great paw swept over the seatback and wiped off half of the leather covering. And those claws and their power. Another jump and we would be done for.

The automobile in front was now almost upon us. The deep-toned horn sounded a warning. At that instant I decided on a new course. We were approaching a road crossing. Taking the machine firmly I swerved sharp across the track, just grazing the big car in front, and darted down the side road. But the lion was not deterred, or my hand was unsteady. The next moment we crashed into the bushes at the side of the road and came to a short stop in the midst of a dense clump of laurel. I crouched and waited the descent of the lion. I could feel him in the air behind me. I waited with a prayer on my lips.

Instead I heard confusion out on the Wood Road. There were loud yells. The machine was at a stop, for I could see the lights through the trees. Alice was in a dead faint, and seeing that I could not help her at that moment and that the beast had disappeared I jumped out and ran to the roadside. There stood Fred Wilson's big touring car, with the front smashed in; there stood Fred and his three companions; and there, in the middle of the road, lay the lion. My plan was successful. Following as closely he had no time to deluge the heavy car. He was it head on. There could be only one result.

My rambunctious was not hurt, and after a time with Alice beside us, recovered, though tremulous, we reluctantly drove on. The snapper was abandoned. But in the quiet of Alice's dainty parlor, with no fear of pursuers or intruders, I went on with my interrupted story. And later, with both arms around her, and her dear face very close to mine, we dreamed our honeymoon.

Delightful—For the Guests.

There were many visitors that summer at his suburban home. He was a subordinate clerk drawing the large monthly salary of a hundred dollars, but of course his guests were not concerned of the extent of his income, nor did that question appear to enter their minds.

He was anxious to do everything in reason to make life in the country agreeable to his wife who hated house-keeping under the best of circumstances, especially in the country, while the health of fresh air and communion with nature were proving his situation from exasperation to joy by which the current funds were supplied.

So he made his guests welcome in every way, giving up his room at times, changing his former easy habits, but not his best clothes, as had been his wont when he reached home at evening returning company calls and thereby neglecting his business work on his place, at certain of course there were many extra expenses. A drive now and then, extra servant into the greatly increased cost of the fuel, the milk bill, the butcher's bill, the bill for food and the general waste, all of which would cause a lion of small income a man with a large income, but were to him very disconcerting as weeks passed by and the guests made no sign of departure.

But all things must come to an end, and at the end of the summer of autumn arrived they said, "But indeed, we surely must return to the city. We have said months ago that we expected to remain weeks."

And so they gave their formal handshake and a perfunctory good bye, while they kissed and embraced the hostess and her aid.

"Never have we been more charmingly entertained; you have done everything in your power to make this summer long to be remembered." And the poor clerk returned to his desk and work, the home resumed its normal condition, but as each day day rolled around he added his debts and his credits, only to find that extra hundred dollars persistently remaining on the wrong side of the ledger.

Whether it is ample compensation for him to hear, when he occasionally meets one of his summer friends, "the charming hospitality to himself, his wife" is known only to himself. Doubtless so, since husband and wife are one.

Uncomfortable English Hotels.

W. D. Howells, in Harper's.

With the aid of the two candles which I lighted I discovered the grate in the wall near the head of the bed, and on examining it closely I perceived that there was a fire in it. The grate would have held quite a double barrel of coal if carefully put on; the fire which seemed to be blazing so feebly had yet the power every day to draw all the warmth of the chamber up the chimney, and I stood shivering in the temperature of a subterranean dungeon. The place instantly gave evidence of being haunted, and the testimony of my nerves on this point was corroborated by the spectral play of the firelight on the ceiling when I blew out my candles. In the middle of the night I woke to the sound of something creeping with a rustling noise over the floor. I reflected the hypothesis of my bed being caught in place, though I knew at once that it was a ghost walking the night floor, and walking hard. Suddenly it ceased, and I knew why. It had been frozen out.

Has Many Diseases.

In Bellevue Hospital, in New York, there is a man who should be the object of everyone's sympathy. His name is Job Keeley, and his occupation is that of a painter. A short time ago he fell from a low scaffold and sustained such injuries as necessitated being taken to the hospital for treatment. There the surgeon found that he had a slight fracture of the base of the skull. After a further examination it was found that he had tuberculosis of the lungs complicated with brain abscess. The occupation as a painter had given him painter's colic. He is not a young man and his age had hardened his arteries, and he also has water on the brain and his skin is puffed up by air which has escaped under it.

The oldest applejack distillery in the United States is in Warwick, N. J. The worm still in use was brought from England before the Revolutionary war.

QUEER DANISH SITUATION.

European and Diplomatic Gossip.

The late Lord Stanley, of Alderley, England, entertained absolutely fantastic hatred towards everything American. Some few years ago the American Society in London was holding its annual dinner on Independence Day, and invited Lord Stanley to the feast. His reply, typical of his dislike of everything American, was, "Lord Stanley presents his compliments to the secretary of the American Society, but can not conceive why he should have been asked to a banquet to celebrate an unwarmed rebellion."

Countess Hæleva Lovstrand, wife of the Danish Minister for Foreign Affairs, is American born, as is her mother, wife of the Danish Minister at Berlin. By the bye so much has been said about the personal popularity of King Christian of Denmark, that most people will probably be surprised to learn that for twenty years, until her many years ago, there has been a deadlock between the voters monarch and the national legislature. The Liberals have continuously held a majority in the

king Christian of Denmark.

Folkething, the Danish House of Commons, but the King has insisted on choosing his cabinet ministers from the other party, the Conservatives.

The representatives of the minority have conducted the routine business of the government, but whenever they have had to ask the Folkething for special funds, that body, which controls the official purse, has thwarted them. The royal residence in Copenhagen, the old palace of Christiansburg, was destroyed by fire in 1884, and the building between the Crown and the Legislature had been so bitter that money had never been appropriated to rebuild it. For almost twenty years King Christian lived in comparative small and shabby quarters at the Amalienburg palace until finally the long-standing dispute was ended by the King's recognition of the majority party.

King Christian of Denmark.

It may not be surprising that the esteemed William Waldorf Astor should claim for the first American Astor—and incidentally, of course, of his family—a distinguished lineage. The distinguished ancestor to whom he traces his lineage is Count Valder Astor, a Spanish grandee of the eleventh century, who settled in France, his successors—a long line of signers and magnates—changed their name to Astors. At the coronation of the Edict of Nantes, Jean Baptiste Astor, who was a Huguenot, fled across the Channel to London, where he was welcomed by his grandfather, this information will, no doubt, be of interest to American antiquarians. It is well known that John Jacob Astor came to this country on an almost penniless tramp, hailing from the village of Walldorf in Baden. His descendant of today speaks of him as a peasant, but a matter of fact he was the son of the village lord and began his career by working in his father's shop—a fact which it is not recorded that he ever sought to conceal.

King Leopold of Belgium has conferred upon Mrs. Ellen M. Horstman, a resident of New York, the honor of the Woman's Auxiliary Congress of the World's Columbian Exposition. It is believed that Mrs. Horstman is the only woman in this country who has received this distinction. She was at one time national president of the Federation of Women's Clubs, and is prominent in the cause of the blind. She is the wife of Charles Horstman, Belgian Consul in Chicago.

The father of Leopold was founded in 1832 by Leopold I; there are five classes.

In selecting a wife, Serge de Witte the great Russian statesman, chose a Jewess, one of the race which has been treated so cruelly in his country. Mme. de Witte was formerly the wife of a subordinate official, but she secured a divorce and has been very happy in her second marriage, remembered putting it back that I might have been within his day and seized by charming fortune prices when the motor cars went home.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

(From the Automobile Advocate.)

Under the spreading chestnut trees the Village Smith stands. The smith, a fairly man, he has vast and fertile. No more his worldly hand he bends beneath the hammer's weight. No more his ringing anvil he swings in the air. No more his fire is covered over by the second of a divorce and he has been very happy in her second marriage, remembered putting it back that I might have been within his day and seized by charming fortune prices when the motor cars went home.

Chinese the First Paper Makers.

The first real paper was made by the Chinese. The papyrus of the Greeks, Romans and Egyptians was not paper at all, but a strip of the bark of a plant cut into strips, placed side by side and across each other and pressed into a sheet.

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all. It seldom does turn out just as you plan it.

We will go clear to the end of the Beach Drive," I said, as we slipped away down Main street and turned into the Boulevard. "Then we will come back by the Wood Road, skirting the Zoo and ending up at the place of a little supper. How will you like that? And she smiled up at me so appreciatively that I felt perfectly sure, for full half a minute, that she was just as much in love with me as I with her. It was so open on the Drive, and there was such a stream of automobiles and carriages that I felt it would be better in the seclusion of the Wood Road. So we talked generally, and looked out over the water at the vessels in the Sound, and admired the beauty of the glorious moonlight on the dancing waves. Then, at the end of the beautiful path along the water we turned abruptly and entered the quiet and seclusion of the great pine woods. The road was rather narrow here, and wound intricately through the forest for several miles, emerging upon a broad plaza at the front entrance to the Zoo. This road was not much frequented at night, and I felt that I would have ample opportunity to express myself, I troubled her no more. The time was very near. I must speak soon.

It was very quiet in the woods. At intervals we could hear distinctly the baying and howling of the animals in the Zoo. Occasionally an elephant trumpeted, or a jaguar screamed. We were used to these sounds, but Alice was just a little frightened when there came a perfect label of sounds from the enclosure. She drew closer to me, and I, relying on my skill, took my left hand from the steering bar and slipped gently behind her. Though she dared not take the liberty of embracing her, she looked up at me in some alarm. "Suppose one of those terrible beasts should get out and come after us?" she asked timidly. I laughed at her. "There would be easy to run away with this machine," I said. "And anyhow, you don't suppose I would let anything harm a single hair of your, your—"

the rear, then with a piercing shriek three both arms around me and clutched me in a most delicious embrace, though I would willingly have foregone the occasion.

"Yes, my dear," I said quietly. "I know all about it. I think we can run away from him, though." I touched the speed lever again. This was the net notch. We were at our fastest, with a good two miles ahead of us before any possibility of help. The machine was now running steadily with straight wings for half a mile, and I let my left arm steel around Alice's waist and held her in protecting clasp. I thought no more about love and soft declarations. I knew only that here was the sweetest girl in the world, in imminent danger of being torn to shreds by a ferocious lion, and that only a miracle, including a steady hand and head on my part, would give even a ghost of a chance. I stole another glance behind. Not twenty yards separated us from that relentless, blood-thirsty, powerful animal. Alice had sunk into a heap on my lap. I leaned forward, hoping to reduce the wind pressure and add to our speed, and prayed to heaven for

On and on we went. What if we should have a fire or blow out a cylinder? The thought was heart-rending. Even at our speed the lion was galloping. He had increased his speed with mine, minkling twenty feet at a leap. The uncertain part was that he did not make a sound, except now and then a low grumbling growl, as though he were in trouble. He was put to in training a snapper.

Far ahead I saw three lights set in the shape of a triangle. The top light was brilliant and threw its rays directly into my eyes. "Think of it," I said, "an automobile, approaching from the opposite direction. I opened my mouth and made ready to shout. The eyes, the four-decked jaws, the massive-clawed feet of the lion. He had

A TALK WITH SECRETARY WILSON.

GUY ELLIOTT MITCHELL

Secretary Wilson, as the official head of the great family of American farmers, views with some considerable satisfaction the abundant crops which have blossomed almost every section of the country.

"The harvests have been heavy," he said, "and the farmers will make more money than in our earlier years. The prices on farm products will be lower, but the crops will bring the farmers, nevertheless, more money. Living should be cheaper, too. The hay and grain crops have been most successful, and the result should be more plentiful and cheaper. I say it should be. The producer and consumer are so far apart, and so much good is in between these two principles that it is difficult to say just to what extent production

send our hogs abroad and are eating more mutton, veal and beef." "The present condition and the future outlook for the American farmer is a good one then, Mr. Secretary?" "Yes, things certainly look well, generally; yet I believe we are very near to a sort of agricultural crisis—hardly a crisis perhaps, but an important and radical change. The farm lands everywhere are leaving the farm for the factories. Wherever there is any manufacturing you will find this to be the case.

The farmer has pretty nearly reached his limit. He is doing about all he can do with his hands and with the most improved labor-saving farm machinery worked by good horses. This condition on the farm is going to affect production and prices, and that

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

More Than Two Thirds of the Living of a Farmer Can Be Made in the Kitchen. If the farmer's wife could induce her husband to contribute the same care, patience and labor next spring to the kitchen garden which his grandfather had during his day, there would be perhaps a considerable gain in the household's economy as well as much satisfaction developed for the housewife. The old folks insist that even with the greatly increased variety and excellence in fruits and vegetables, due to many plant generations

the boiled cob at "roasting ear" stage. And, among others, okra or gumbo makes equally as good soup in winter as when fresh in summer.

When it comes to canning and preserving, there is little real comparison between the home canned product and bought goods. If true is considered as money, canned tomatoes can be bought probably cheaper than they can be grown and canned at home. But how about the results? If the farmer's wife should go through the ordinary canning establishment she would probably conclude to do every speck of her own can-



SECRETARY WILSON AND GROUP OF CHIEFS, DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, GROUNDS AT TIME OF COMMENCEMENT OF WORK ON NEW BUILDING.

of selection and breeding by the seedsmen and scientists, the kitchen garden on an average is not so well planted or tended, has less variety, and on the whole is much inferior to the same institution in the "good old days" when grandfather was a boy.

It is an oft repeated argument, in every farm journal that more attention should be given to the garden; that fully two-thirds of the living for the farmer's family, however large, can be produced from a good garden,

being hereafter and avoid setting on her table sour grown fruit, artificially colored and sweetened with coal tar products.

With the supposed degeneration of the individual farm garden, it is interesting to note that the professional market garden, as an industry, has tremendously increased. "Market gardens" and truck gardens of today are the producers of a multitude of "palatable vegetables" almost unknown fifty years ago. In the census



and that with thoroughly rich soil, good seed, a well planned rotation of garden crops and a medium sized well-kept garden, a good sized lot will reduce this last expense a very small amount will produce very large amounts. Not only should the farmer be supplied from spring to late fall, but large stocks of staples should be saved for winter use. Of course, every farmer stores in his cellar potatoes, turnips, pumpkins and other crops, but there is many others equally good and almost as easily stored and kept which will longer contribute to the winter's table and have been supplanted by cheap canned goods in the home run exclusively and usually very inferior.

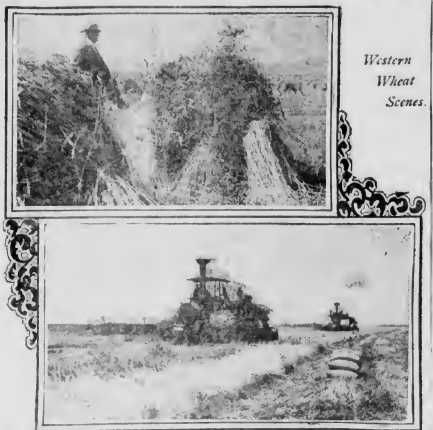
Limas for Peas—Pick Them Green. Take, for instance, lima beans. These are picked and stored when green—the same as those for immu-

of 1890 the large increase in garden products was recognized, and a scientific count of their bulk and value was made. It is possible, therefore, to make a fair comparison of the increase of such products, and this shows the remarkable increase from 500 per cent to 400 per cent in the five several divisions of the country. The North Atlantic States had a well developed industry in "garden products" before 1871, which accounts for the relatively low increase. However, the per cent in 10 years, while the per cent increase is, amazing.

When Tomatoes Were Believed Poisonous.

Could our great-grandchildren, who thought tomatoes poisonous, and our great-grandmothers, who grew them as ornamental plants in window pots,

Western Wheat Scenes.



affects the cost of Federal consumption, very shortly, it is impossible to say just what the effect will be, but a change is coming. The farmer must have a lot, but with the prices of farm products as they are now, he can not meet the wages offered by the factories; therefore the farm lands are gradually shifting toward the centers—the towns and the cities.

Mr. Wilson Not a Theorist.

"I would like, Mr. Secretary, to have a message from you to the American farmer for the coming year."

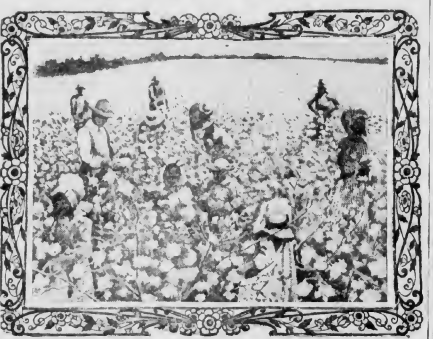
"Oh, I can never discuss things in an academic way," remarked Mr. Wilson, with a smile. "You will have to

Co-Operation in the South.

"I have been watching the South with a great deal of interest," continued the Secretary. "They have not accomplished more in effecting an organization down there to bring the cotton producer and consumer together than has been attempted with any other of our great agricultural products. The cotton crop is a big one this year, though not by any means a record breaker. The grass and hay crop is probably the biggest I have ever had; our corn crop is probably a record crop, and our wheat crop is one of the very largest."

"That is the order of importance of these crops."

"No, I should put cotton third in importance—grass, corn, cotton, wheat; though of course, our most animals, taken as a whole, are more important than any one. Why, the poultry production alone is worth 400 million dollars a year—as great or greater than the value of the wheat crop. We will undoubtedly export some very fine hogs this year—choice corn fed hogs. Pork is our greatest meat export. A quarter of a billion dollars would hardly cover our animals exported this year. I fancy, your animals exported this year."

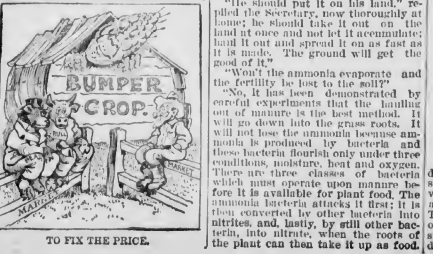


WAY DOWN SOUTH IN DIXIE LAND.

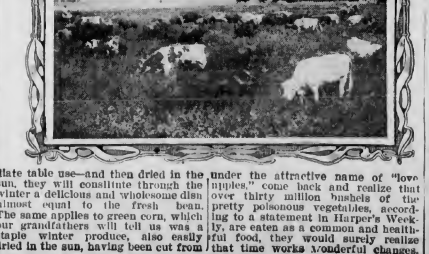
two-thirds of the value of the entire wheat crop of the country.

No Longer Big Hog Eaters.

"The American people are no longer such great pork eaters, you know. We



TO FIX THE PRICE.



Haying and Cattle Scenes.

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In Perfect Adaptability Under all Conditions to.

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James S. Kirk & Company

CHICAGO, ILL.

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We have published some good ones especially suited for farmers. Books that will help every farmer to make more out of his farm. Write for our catalogue.

WEBB PUBLISHING CO.,

St. Paul, Minn.

Well Drilling Machines

Over 70 sizes and styles for drilling either deep or shallow wells in any kind of soil or rock. Mounted on wheels or skids. With engines or horse power. Strong, simple and durable. Any mechanical change made at a moment's notice.

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Send for our Jack Catalogue. Sure to contain the description of exactly what you want.

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Producers of Northern grown acclimated trees and the best varieties for planting in Northern States.

Every Variety of Standard Fruit

Thoroughly tested Apples, Pears, Plums, Cherries and Trees Ornamental, Small Fruit Plants, Shrubs, Vines and Roses.

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Cut Flowers and Floral Designs. Also Vegetable Plants shipped by express. Catalogue and Price List Free. Mail orders have prompt attention.

MISSOULA NURSERY CO.

MISSOULA, MONTANA.

THE BEST FRIENDS OF PE-RU-NA ARE THE MOTHERS AND CHILDREN

When Sickness Comes to the Little Ones

It is the Mother Who Chiefly Suffers.

She suffers even more than the child who happens to be sick.

Her sympathy is deeper than that of any other member of the family.

The mothers look forward with dread to the torrid heat of summer, thinking of their children and the many illnesses to disease that are before them.

Spring and summer are sure to bring ailments, especially among the little folks.

It does not take a mother very long to discover that Peru-na is the best friend she has in times of illness among the children.

The doctors may come and go with their different theories and constant change of remedies.

The doctor of years ago gave entirely different remedies than he does today.

Each year finds some change in his prescriptions and in the drugs he relies upon.

A Multitude of Mothers

Have discovered that Peru-na is the stand-by, and that in all the ailments of spring and summer to which the children are subjected, Peru-na is the remedy that will most quickly relieve.

Whether it is spring fever or stomach derangement, whether it is indigestion or bowel disease, a catarrhal congestion of the mucous surfaces is the cause.

Peru-na quickly relieves this condition of the mucous membranes. Its operation is prompt, the children do not dislike to take the medicine, it has no deleterious effects in any part of the body.

It simply removes the cause of the disagreeable symptoms and restores the health.

Peru-na is not a physic. Peru-na is not a nerve or a narcotic. Peru-na does not produce any drug liability, however long it may be taken. Peru-na is not a stimulant.

Peru-na is a specific remedy for all catarrhal ailments of winter and summer, acute or chronic.

The mothers all over the United States are the best friends that Peru-na has.

The Mothers Hold Peru-na in High Esteem.

Not only because it has cured them of their various ailments, but because it always restores the children from the throes and grasp of catarrhal diseases.

We have in our files hundreds of testimonials from mothers whose children have been cured by Peru-na. However, the large majority of mothers who use Peru-na, we never hear from.

But we do hear from a great number of mothers who are so overjoyed at some special good they have received from Peru-na that they cannot restrain their enthusiasm. They are anxious to assure these benefits with other mothers.



Mrs. Theresa Rook, Mother and Child.

Mrs. G.H. Farmer and Son.

Mrs. Theresa Rook, 328 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill., Treasurer Ladies of the Macabees, writes:

"In our home Peru-na is the only medicine we have. Grandmother, mother, father and child, all have used Peru-na. It is our great remedy for catarrh of the stomach and head, colds, and female complaints of which it has cured me."

"We find it of great value when my husband becomes worn out or catches cold. A couple of doses cure him."

"If the baby has colic, or any stomach disorders, a dose or two cures her."

"I consider Peru-na finer than any doctor's medicine that I have ever tried, and I know that as long as we have it in the house, we will all be able to keep in good health."—Theresa Rook.

No Doctor Required.

Mrs. Edward Otto, 927 De Soto street, St. Paul, Minn., writes:

"I cannot say enough for Peru-na. It has done great work in my family, especially for my eldest boy. We had doctored with three or four different doctors and they did not seem to do him any good."

"We gave up hopes of cure, and so did they, but we pulled him through on Peru-na."

"We had several doctors and they said they could do no more for him, so we tried Peru-na as a last resort, and that did the work. Since then we keep it in the house all the time, and no doctor is required."—Edward Otto.

Peru-na Contains No Narcotics.

One reason why Peru-na has found permanent use in so many homes is that it contains no narcotic of any kind. Peru-na is perfectly harmless. It can be used any length of time without acquiring a drug habit. Peru-na does not produce temporary results. Its permanent in its effect.

It has no effect upon the system, and gradually eliminates catarrh by removing the cause of catarrh.

There are a multitude of homes where Peru-na has been used off and on for twenty years.

Such a thing could not be possible if Peru-na contained any drugs of a narcotic nature.

Peru-na Protects the Entire Household.

As soon as the value of Peru-na is appreciated by every household, both as a preventive and cure, tens of thousands of mothers will be saved, and hundreds of thousands of chronic, lingering cases of catarrh will be prevented.

The Benefit Which the Children of the United States Can Never Be Without Peru-na.

The chronic ailments that have prevented the suffering it has mitigated, will never be fully recorded.

But at least this much can be said that the coming generation owes a great debt to Peru-na, for it is in the tender years of youth that slight ailments are liable to develop into lasting diseases, thus blasting the whole career of the individual.

The mothers who are bringing up their children today to believe in Peru-na are doing a great work for humanity.

These children brought up to believe in Peru-na from the start, will, when they become heads of families themselves, use Peru-na with unquestioning faith.

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Peru-na Should Be Kept in Every Household

Where There Are Little Children.

Peru-na should be kept in the home all the time. Don't wait until the child is sick, then send to a drug store. But have Peru-na on hand—accept no substitute.

Children are especially liable to acute catarrh. Indeed, most of the afflictions of childhood are catarrh.

All forms of sore throat, quinsy, croup, hoarseness, laryngitis, etc., are but different phases of catarrh.

Mrs. Amelia Ballar, Monaca, Wis., writes:

"I have used Peru-na for a number of years. It cured me of chronic catarrh which I suffered with from infancy."

"When my three children were born they all had catarrh, but I have given them Peru-na and find it very effective in ridding them of this horrible trouble. I find that it is also good to give them as a tonic and a preventative of colds and colic."

"In fact, I consider it a household blessing. I would not know how to raise my children without it. I am pleased to give it my recommendation."—Amelia Ballar.

Address Dr. S. B. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

All correspondence held strictly confidential.

Mr. G. H. Farmer, New Martinsville, W. Va., writes:

"My little son, Harry, is well and healthy now and we think if we do as you directed us, he will keep his health and grow strong."

"We know that our little son's life was saved by your wonderful medicine, Peru-na, and we shall always praise Peru-na and use it in our family when needed."

"Should we have any more catarrhal trouble in our family, we shall always write to you for treatment."—G. H. Farmer.

Mr. Howard Andrew Sterner, Maddy Creek, Pa., writes:

"I have Peru-na in my house all the time and won't be without it. It is good for children when they take a cold or croup. It cured my baby boy of croup."

"I have introduced Peru-na into all families since I received your last letter, and four have seen relief already."—Howard Andrew Sterner.

BIG SPRING.

1500 Jackson was in Louisville last week.

Don't forget the Baptist dinner on Thanksgiving.

Born to the wife of Willie Griffith, Nov. 17, a daughter.

John H. Meador was in Louisville last week with dogs.

There will be a baptizing here on Sunday morning, November 30.

The Ladies Aid social met with Miss Belle Meador Saturday night.

James Lupton, of Harrods, was the guest of his daughter, Mrs. Jack Collins, Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hardin, of Elizabethton, are here spending a few days with no mother.

Case Meador, of Elizabethton, was here Thursday in the interest of James-Swifts' drug store.

Mr. Millett, representing Brown, Furman & Co. wholesale whisky, was here Thursday to see John D. Meador.

R. S. Howell returned from Louisville, Friday, where he had been and shipped of old tobacco he bought last season.

The ladies of the Baptist church will give a 6 o'clock dinner on Thanksgiving for the benefit of their church. A full dinner course will be served.

PATESVILLE.

Little Reeves Young is on the sick list.

They arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Allen Jarboe Tuesday of last week a girl.

W. J. Fowler, who recently returned from St. Louis, Mo., has been on the sick list.

A V. Day and family went to Whitesville Sunday to visit relatives for a few days.

Rev. H. H. H. of the Fordville circuit delivered his first sermon at the M. E. church, Sunday.

Misses Addie and Lucy Corley, who have been visiting the family of Rev. R. M. Odham, of Rockwell, returned home Sunday.

After a few weeks' visit to friends and relatives here and at Stephensport, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Plaine left for Memphis, Tenn., and other southern points, to spend the winter.

Miss Ida Jarboe is on the sick list.

Rev. Lewis filed his regular appointment here Sunday.

Mrs. Eliza Blaine was the guest of her son, Kirby, Sunday.

Miss Cora McCoy spent Saturday and Sunday with her parents.

Clinton Addison has returned and expects to spend the winter at the Conn house.

Mrs. F. C. Perry and son, Miller, returned to their home in Louisville Sunday.

Mrs. Skiffman, of Washington, D. C., is the guest of his brother, R. S. Skiffman.

George E. Terrill and little son, of Louisville are here with a party of hunters.

Gene Connor was in Louisville Sunday to see his son, Travers, who is here having his eye treated.

Miss Zelma Lay came home to be with her parents Saturday and returned Sunday to her school.

The surprise party was very much enjoyed by all who attended at Miss Murray Barker's Friday night.

Mrs. Lower Smith, of Lewisport, who was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. B. Helm, leaves today for her home.

Dr. A. B. Weaver and Scott Duncan, of Louisville, stopped in at the Conn house Saturday for a day's hunting.

CHENAUET.

Geo. Gilliland and G. Fyrmir passed through town Sunday from Louisville, en route to their home at Chesnut.

Dr. Clarence Pope and C. E. W. would arrived here Saturday from Louisville with a party of hunters, who are stopping at the Conn house.

Miss Morley Barker will be the hostess at a charming tea given on Friday for the young ladies at home. It will be a Japanese tea and the decorations, which will be elaborate, will be Japanese.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Brodie is convalescing.

J. F. Jarboe went to Louisville last week on business.

Lee Limes, of Rockport, is visiting friends and relatives here.

Miss Norma Butler, of Rockport, is here this week teaching music.

Mrs. Ab. Bennett and little son, Clifton, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. George Lewis.

Dr. Spahr was called to Indiana last Thursday to see Mrs. Walter Cummings, who is very sick.

Mrs. Jennie Morgan and little son, C. L. of Holt, are visiting her sister-in-law, Mrs. J. C. Brodie.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Greenwell, of Rhodeto, spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Warren.

Gray E. Burch, of Louisville, spent a few days last week with friends and relatives and was accompanied home by his sister, Rosemary.

R. J. Tindle spent Sunday with L. Newbury.

Rev. D. Howells gave a lecture at the C. P. Church Saturday night.

Clarence Sapp, of West Virginia, is visiting friends and relatives here.

Miss Pearl Basham was the guest of Miss Ventress Newbury Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Smiley spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Basham.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Newbury and daughter, were the guests of Mrs. Cabal, at Harrods, Sunday.

Harvey Basham, of Gerlog, was the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Basham, Saturday night.

Mrs. Jack Tindle is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Clara Campbell, at Lewisport, a few days this week.

Misses Anna Lamb and Mollie Fawcett

HARDINSBURG.

County court next Monday.

T. J. Moore went to Louisville Friday.

Judge N. McC. Moore is in Louisville.

C. V. Robertson was in Owensboro last week.

Henry L. Kirtz, of Webster, was in town Monday.

Born, to the wife of Lewis Jarboe, Nov. 19, a girl.

Born, to the wife of Alfred Heston, Nov. 19, a girl.

Dr. John E. Kinchelo was in Louisville Sunday.

Miss Lytic Ford was a visitor at Cloverport Sunday.

Judge Matthias Miller was in Hancock county last week.

W. D. Bland, of West Point, was the guest of friends here Sunday.

George Canfield, of Valley View, was the guest of friends here Sunday.

The Firemen Club was entertained Saturday afternoon by Mrs. Ira Walker.

Mrs. Jesse C. Payne, of West Point, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Mary C. Heaton.

Mayor Wright, of the U. S. Army, was in town Friday, the guest of Gen. D. R. Munaw.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Hook and Mrs. W. F. Hook were visitors in Louisville last week.

Mrs. Lowry Smith, of Lewisport, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Morris Eskridge Friday.

Charles Reynolds, of Lexington, registered at the land office under Gov. Bradley, was in the city Monday.

James Harard, a prominent farmer and stock buyer of Big Spring, was in town Wednesday on a business trip.

The Rev. G. S. King closed a successful revival at Kirk Sunday. There were eight conversions and five additions.

Thos. Greenwell, of Brandenburg, has been appointed night operator at the telephone exchange, Chas. McGill having resigned that position.

Never before was there such a de-

IRVINGTON.

Willie Green, of Falls of Rough, was in town Sunday.

Ed Medda, of Louisville, was the guest of Green Bandy last week.

Dr. L. B. Moreman was in Brandenburg Monday to see his father.

Quarterly conference was held here Saturday and Sunday by the presiding elder.

Wallace Claycomb left Saturday for Louisville, where he goes to Oklahoma.

Quite a large crowd of ladies from here were in Louisville last week shopping.

R. M. Jolly, Jr., spent Sunday at Long Branch the guest of Miss Katie McGee.

Miss Rachel Madd has returned from a visit to her sister, Miss Ira Madd, of Louisville.

Miss Blanche Claycomb left Saturday for Louisville, where she expects to spend the winter.

R. B. McGlothlin was at Jolly Station, Glenview and Falls of Rough last week on business.

Miss Ellen Munford has returned from an extended visit to friends and relatives in Louisville.

Henry Davis will move this week to his new farm, which he purchased of Ed. Goodman, of near Harrodsburg.

Mrs. G. L. Brady was called to Louisville Monday to see her daughter, Mrs. Tony McCoy, who is very ill.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Morelock and children left Sunday for New Orleans after a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Pump McCoy.

The Ladies' Club will meet with Mrs. R. B. McClintock on Friday.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Want Always Bought

Signature of Dr. H. H. Hartman

EKRON.

T. F. Wallace and family have moved here from Buda. Mr. Wallace will farm.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Barr, of Frymire, have bought property here and will cast their lot with us in the near future.

The Ladies Aid will give a box supper and coffee social at Miss Josie Leary's Saturday evening Nov. 26, at 7 o'clock.

No town on the Henderson Road has a brighter future than Ekron. The new bank has given new life to the business interests and is quite an uplift to the general prosperity of the town and surrounding community.

Our people were never more enthused over their prospects.

The Ladies Aid of the Baptist church are a small band of energetic workers, never missing an opportunity to make a few dollars for the aid of their work. They have already made over \$800, which is quite a good sum, considering their opportunities for making money.

The First State Bank will build a banking house and hall 25 by 50 feet, two-story brick. Ground was broken Monday. This bank is doing a nice business. Its deposits are growing every day. A. C. Crouch, the cashier, is giving general satisfaction. He and his wife are quite an addition to our society.

Mrs. Wickliffe DeHaven charmingly entertained Monday afternoon, in honor of Mrs. Chas. Cottrell, who leaves today for Pensacola, Fla., after having spent several weeks with Mrs. G. W. Short. The feature of the entertainment was the game Forty-Two. Mrs. DeHaven kept tally and the tally cards were hand made. Sixteen guests were present and the hostess was assisted in receiving by her sister, Miss Mamie DeHaven.

The Presbyterians have placed a street lamp in front of their church.

Ayer's

You can depend on Ayer's Hair Vigor to restore color to your gray hair, every time. Follow directions and it never fails to do this work. It stops

Hair Vigor

falling of the hair, also. There's great satisfaction in knowing you are not going to be disappointed. Isn't that so?

—Mr. J. H. Faded said he was about 35. His hair had turned gray, and he was losing it. He had used many remedies, but nothing had done him any good. He had heard of Ayer's Hair Vigor, and he had bought a bottle. He had used it for a few days, and he had found it to be just what he needed. He had written to Mr. J. C. Ayer, and he had told him of his experience. He had told him that he was now getting his hair back, and that he was very much pleased with the result. He had told him that he was now feeling much better, and that he was now able to do his work as usual. He had told him that he was now feeling much better, and that he was now able to do his work as usual.

—Mr. A. M. Brown, of Lexington, N. C., writes: "I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a number of years. It has cured me of chronic catarrh which I suffered with from infancy."

—Mrs. Amelia Ballar, Monaca, Wis., writes: "I have used Peru-na for a number of years. It cured me of chronic catarrh which I suffered with from infancy."

—Mr. Howard Andrew Sterner, Maddy Creek, Pa., writes: "I have Peru-na in my house all the time and won't be without it. It is good for children when they take a cold or croup. It cured my baby boy of croup."

—I have introduced Peru-na into all families since I received your last letter, and four have seen relief already."